SECRET WARS
MARVEL
005
GARTH ENNIS
RUSS BRAUN
DONO ALMARA
WHERE MONSTERS DWELL
The Phantom Eagle
Flies the Savage Skies!
PARENTAL ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

NOW ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**: A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

WHILE ABANDONING A TRIBAL PRINCESS CARRYING HIS CHILD, FLYING ACE (AND GENERAL JERK) KARL KAUFMANN AGREED TO FLY THE FETCHING, WELL-HEELED CLEMMIE FRANKLIN-COX TO HER HUSBAND. EN ROUTE, AN UNNATURAL STORM STRANDED THEM IN A DANGEROUS REGION OF BATTLEWORLD...

WHERE MONSTERS DWELL

TO REPAIR HIS PLANE, KAUFMANN NEEDED TO STEAL AN ENGINE AND PROPELLER FROM THE BEAUTIFUL WARRIOR WOMEN WITH WHOM CLEMMIE HAD VERY HAPPILY SETTLED DOWN. HE CONVINCED A TRIBE OF DIMINUTIVE CANNIBALS TO WAGE WAR ON THE LADIES. AS HIS TROOPS DIED BY THE DOZENS, KAUFMANN GRABBED HIS PLANE PARTS, AND PROMPTLY DESERTED THEM.

WRITER: GARTH ENNIS

ARTIST: RUSS BRAUN

COLOR ARTIST: DONO SANCHEZ ALMARA

LETTERER: ROB STEEN

COVER ARTISTS: FRANK CHO & JASON KEITH

ASSISTANT EDITOR: KATHLEEN WISNESKI

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: JAKE THOMAS

EDITOR: NICK LOWE

EDITOR IN CHIEF: AXEL ALONSO

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER: JOE QUESADA

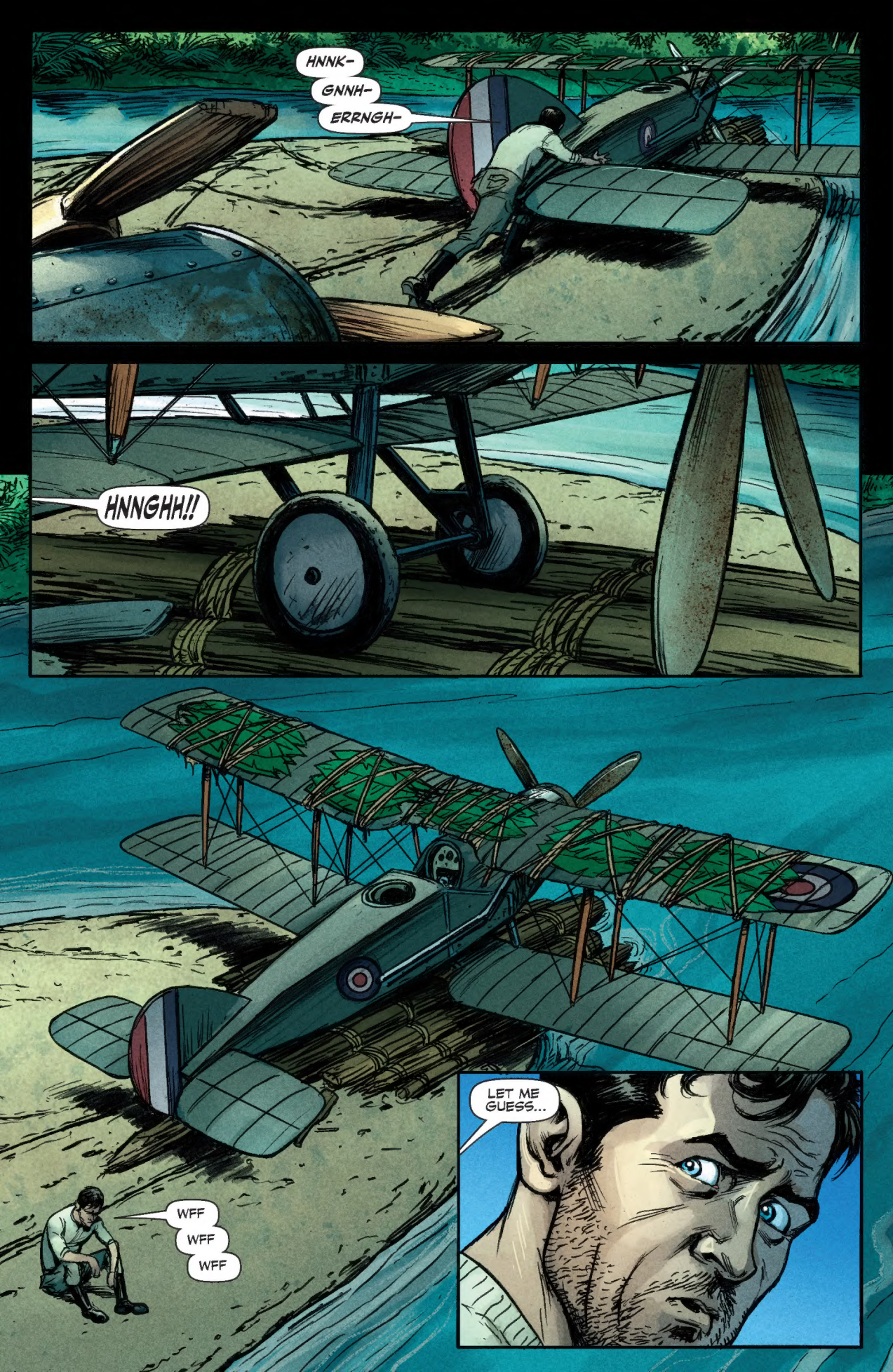
PUBLISHER: DAN BUCKLEY

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ALAN FINE

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

"IF ANYONE ASKED... NEWSPAPERS OR WHOEVER...I WAS GOING TO CALL MYSELF THE PHANTOM EAGLE."
"THE PHANTOM EAGLE."
"YES."
"THE PHANTOM EAGLE."
"YES..."
"WELL, IF I MAY BORROW A PHRASE BELOVED OF OUR ENGLISH COMRADES–"
"YOU REALLY ARE A PATHETIC C
HA!!

I THINK I BROKE A NAIL.
OH NO, IT'S FINE.
5: WHAT COMES OF EMPIRE-BUILDING


HNNK-
GNNH-
ERRNGH-
HNNGHH!!
WFF
WFF
WFF
LET ME GUESS...

OH--!
THE RAFT CARRIES YOU DOWNSTREAM.
TIPS YOU OVER THE FALLS.
BY THEN YOU'VE GOT THE ENGINE RUNNING. NEW PROP, PLENTY OF PETROL.
OVER YOU GO. CENTRE THE STICK. LET THE AIRFLOW BUILD UP OVER THE WINGS BEFORE YOU MAKE THE PULL-OUT.
JUST LIKE GETTING OUT OF A SPIN, ONLY WITHOUT THE SPIN...
YOU, UH...YOU WANT TO COME WITH ME...?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. THIS PLACE IS HEAVENLY, AND YOU'RE A TURD.
NO, I SIMPLY CHANGED INTO MORE APPROPRIATE ATTIRE FOR AN OVERNIGHT TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE.
I'M HERE FOR ANOTHER REASON ALTOGETHER.

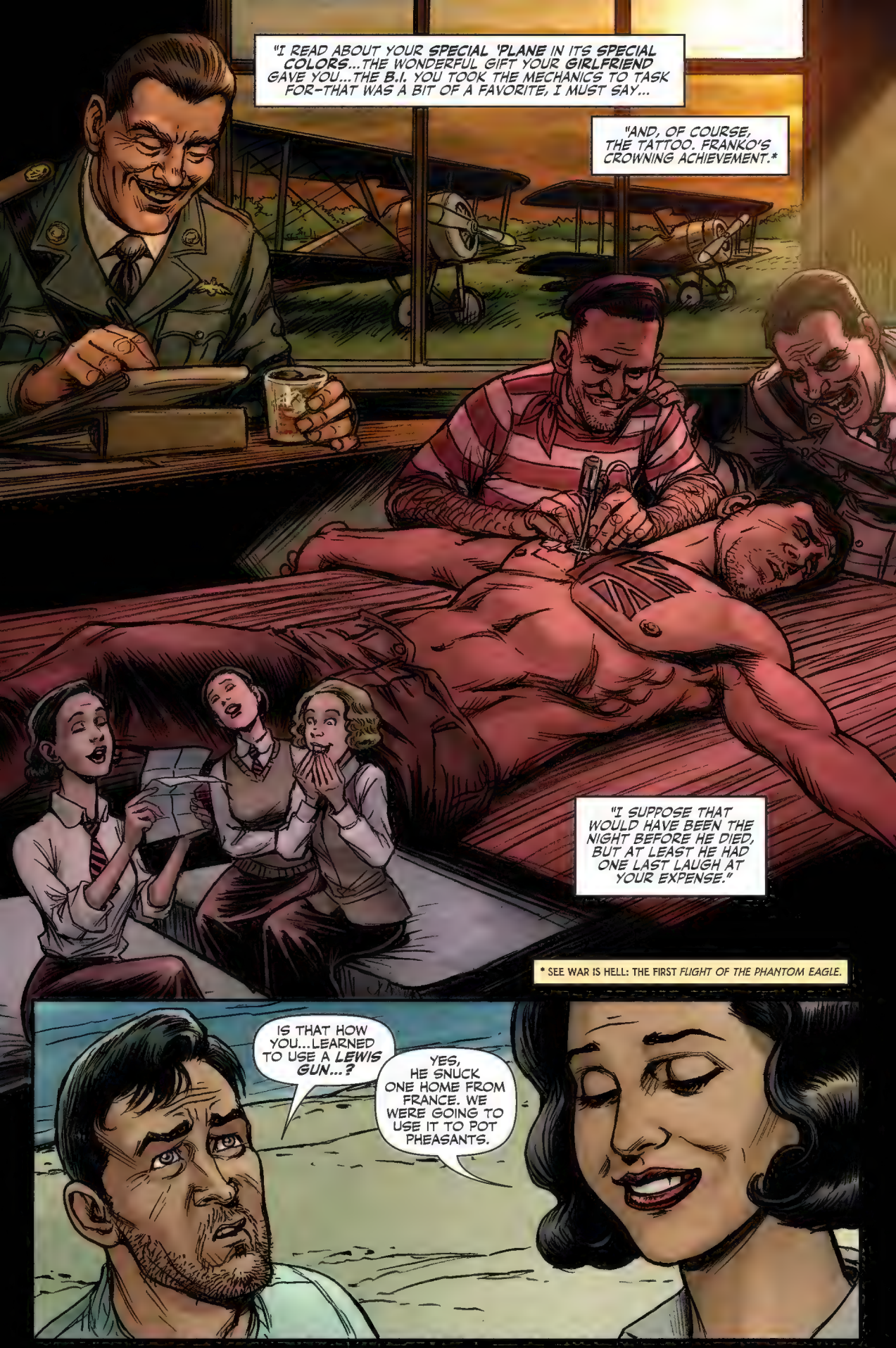
NOW LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING CRAZY, HERE...
I NOTICE YOU DIDN'T BOTHER TRYING TO RESCUE YOUR FELLOW MALES IN THE CELLAR.
KARL KAUFMANN, HE'S YOUR MAN. HE'S JUST THE CHAP YOU WANT.
WELL, I MEAN–I WOULD HAVE–
AND THOSE LITTLE FELLOWS I'M GUESSING YOU SENT TO FIGHT YOUR WAR FOR YOU; HOW LUCKY THEY WERE TO HAVE A TROOPER LIKE YOU ON THE TEAM.
BUT I WAS GOING TO GO BACK, REALLY, I WAS...!
YOU WERE GOING TO DRAG THE PROP AND THE TANK ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE JUNGLE, REPAIR THE BRISFIT, TAKE OFF, AND THEN RACE BACK IN TIME TO SAVE THE DAY?
ER...
TOO LATE, ALAS. FAR, FAR, TOO LATE.
OH, GOD.
YOU TOLD ME A PACK OF LIES, DIDN'T YOU?
WERE YOU FRANKLIN'S... WIFE?
SISTER.

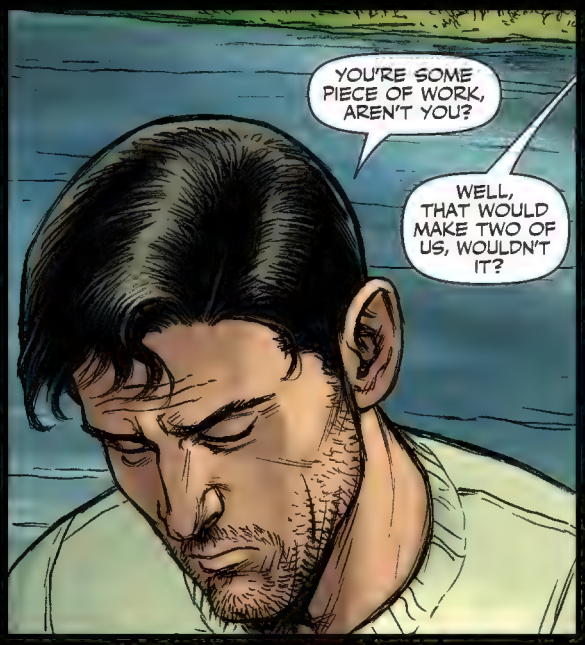
BUT YES, IT WAS INDEED A PACK OF LIES.
I WASN'T MEETING MY HUSBAND IN SINGAPORE. THE BLOODY FOOL FELL OFF A BOAT AND DROWNED; I WAS MERELY TRYING TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE AUTHORITIES AS POSSIBLE.
HE FELL, HUH?
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
YEAH, I'LL JUST BET HE FELL.
HUH.
I HAVE YOU COMPLETELY AT MY MERCY, DO I NOT?
WELL...
SO WHY ON EARTH WOULD I BOTHER TO LIE TO YOU?
OH.
HE FELL. IT WAS THE ONE HELPFUL THING HE DID IN OUR THREE WRETCHED YEARS TOGETHER, AND EVEN THEN IT CAUSED ME NO END OF TROUBLE.

YOU SEE, AFTER MY BROTHER WAS KILLED IN THE WAR, IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT I WOULD HAVE TO MARRY AS SOON AS I CAME OF AGE...
AH, NO. YOU JUST CARRY ON KNEELING IN THE MIRE.
MARRY INTO MONEY, OF COURSE. THE FRANKLIN FORTUNES HAD EBBED SOMEWHAT.
WELL, WHAT WITH MY AFOREMENTIONED PREFERENCE FOR ALL THINGS FEMALE, THIS WAS CLEARLY GOING TO BE A BIT OF A BIND. BUT SUCH THINGS ARE OF COURSE NEVER, EVER SPOKEN OF, AND TRY AS I MIGHT TO DODGE IT, I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO DO MY FAMILY DUTY...
"ENTER LORD BERTIE COX.
"A TRUE FART."
"BUT A RICH ONE. THAT WAS MOTHER AND MY TWO FAT SISTERS TAKEN CARE OF; NOW ALL I HAD TO DO WAS BRACE MYSELF FOR A LIFETIME IN PURGATORY.
"THE WEDDING NIGHT WAS THE FIRST HURDLE. I GOT HIM ABSOLUTELY LEGLESS, THEN USED THE OLD KETCHUP-ON-THE-SHEETS TRICK TO CONVINCE HIM HE'D DONE THE NECESSARY.
"IT HAD ACTUALLY BEEN MY GYM INSTRUCTOR WITH A WELL-HANDLED CUCUMBER, SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE: BUT WE CAN ADD THAT TO THE LONG LIST OF THINGS BERTIE WAS IGNORANT OF."

WHICH WAS ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT I WAS OF COURSE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE AN HEIR FOR THIS NINCOMPOOP. AND CONTINUALLY GETTING HIM DRUNK AND SWEARING HE'D BEEN WONDERFUL WOULDN'T SOLVE THAT LITTLE PROBLEM.
MY FOUL OLD TROUT OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW WAS GROWING LESS PATIENT BY THE DAY. SHE OPENLY TALKED ABOUT DIVORCE, WHICH WOULD OF COURSE LEAVE ME PENNILESS.
A CRUISE IN THE SOUTH SEAS WAS SUGGESTED, IN THE HOPE THAT WARMER CLIMES MIGHT PUT LEAD IN BERTIE'S PENCIL...
"THE GOOD NEWS WAS THAT HE WAS FAR MORE INTERESTED IN HIS TEDIOUS HOBBY OF ORNITHOLOGY THAN IN ANYTHING I HAD TO OFFER.
"THE BAD NEWS WAS THAT I HAD TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT."
"FURTHER GOOD NEWS WAS TO FOLLOW."

UNFORTUNATELY THE CAPTAIN AND CREW JUMPED TO THE SAME CONCLUSION YOU DID, SOME OF THE PASSENGERS HAVING REPORTED THE ABJECT LOATHING IN WHICH I SEEMED TO HOLD MY EVER-OBLIVIOUS HUSBAND. MY DENIALS FELL ON DEAF EARS.
I WAS PUT ASHORE AT CUTLASS BAY, WHERE THE MAGISTRATE INTENDED TO HAND ME OVER TO THE NEXT NAVY GUNBOAT THAT HAPPENED ALONG...
THE THOUGHT OF GOING HOME CLAPPED IN IRONS HELD NO APPEAL. ESPECIALLY WITH BERTIE'S MUMSIE SHARPENING HER FANGS.
FORTUNATELY THE MAGISTRATE WAS ANOTHER HOPELESS SOT. PRETTY FACE, "GOSH, I'D LOVE ANOTHER GIN AND TONIC, OH, ARE YOU FEELING DROWSY?"–ETCETERA.
I HOPPED THE FIRST TRAIN I SAW AND STAYED ON 'TIL THE END OF THE LINE, AND WHO DO YOU THINK I FOUND WAITING FOR ME...?
"WHEN I HEARD YOUR NAME, I WONDERED IF YOU COULD POSSIBLY BE WHO I THOUGHT YOU WERE. YOUR UTTER BOORISHNESS SEEMED TO CONFIRM IT.
"TRAVELING BY AEROPLANE WOULD CERTAINLY GIVE ME A SIGNIFICANT HEAD START ON ANY PURSUER–AND I WAS FAIRLY CERTAIN IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH TO HAVE YOU EATING OUT OF MY HAND."
THEN YOU–YOUR–HE WAS–
YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN HIM AS FRANKO. HE WAS THE ONLY MAN I EVER CARED ABOUT, WE WERE COMPLETELY INSEPARABLE.
HE USED TO WRITE TO ME ALL THE TIME. AT THE START OF APRIL, NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN, HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE ABSOLUTE HORSE'S ARSE WHO'D SUDDENLY JOINED HIS SQUADRON.


"I READ ABOUT YOUR SPECIAL 'PLANE IN ITS SPECIAL COLORS...THE WONDERFUL GIFT YOUR GIRLFRIEND GAVE YOU...THE B.I. YOU TOOK THE MECHANICS TO TASK FOR-THAT WAS A BIT OF A FAVORITE, I MUST SAY...
"AND, OF COURSE, THE TATTOO. FRANKO'S CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT.*
"I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HE DIED, BUT AT LEAST HE HAD ONE LAST LAUGH AT YOUR EXPENSE."
* SEE WAR IS HELL: THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE PHANTOM EAGLE.
IS THAT HOW YOU...LEARNED TO USE A LEWIS GUN...?
YES, HE SNUCK ONE HOME FROM FRANCE. WE WERE GOING TO USE IT TO POT PHEASANTS.


YOU'RE SOME PIECE OF WORK, AREN'T YOU?
WELL, THAT WOULD MAKE TWO OF US, WOULDN'T IT?

AFTER ALL, I WONDER HOW MANY LOST SOULS YOU'VE LEFT SCATTERED IN YOUR WAKE.
I WONDER HOW MANY OF THEM HAVE BEEN WOMEN.

AND THAT'S WHY I WANTED YOU TO HEAR MY STORY, MISTER KAUFMANN. BECAUSE I WANTED YOU TO UNDERSTAND.
ALL MY LIFE, I HAVE STRIVEN WITH ALL MY MIGHT...I HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTELY, ONE HUNDRED PERCENT DETERMINED...

NEVER TO END UP SWEPT OFF MY FEET BY LOUTS AND BORES AND IDIOTS LIKE YOU.

GO.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO KILL ME...
OH, I FULLY INTENDED TO. BUT I REMEMBERED SOMETHING FRANKO WROTE IN ONE OF HIS LETTERS.
HE SAID HE WAS CONFIDENT THAT YOU'D SURVIVE– THAT YOU'D MAKE IT THROUGH WITHOUT A SCRATCH WHILE COUNTLESS GOOD MEN PERISHED– BECAUSE THE HUNS WOULD NEVER DEEM YOU WORTH A BULLET.
AND WHO AM I TO CONTRADICT HIS JUDGMENT?
GO. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN ACTUALLY MANAGE THIS MIRACULOUS TAKEOFF.
MAYBE YOU'LL DO THE WORLD A FAVOR AND MAKE AN ALMIGHTY BALLS OF IT.

OH, NO...
OH, GOD...
OH-OH--!
AAAAAAIIIIIEEEEEE!!

BULLY FOR YOU, CHUM. I'M THE ONE IN THE TROPICAL PARADISE WITH TWO HUNDRED SIX-FOOT BLONDES.

I'LL SHOW YOU, BITCH! YOU AND THAT BASTARD BROTHER OF YOURS!
I'M GOING HOME!
I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!
I AM WORTH A BULLET!
I'M THE PHANTOM EAGLE!

FFWAAAAHH
FWUH
GUHHH
UH?
WH--?
URRGGH!!
KAUFMANN-TUAN?

KAUFMANN-TUAN, YOU CAME BACK FOR ME...!
P...PRINCESS...?
MY FATHER CONDEMNED ME AS A WANTON! BANISHED ME TO GIVE BIRTH ALONE!
HE SAID I WAS A FOOL, THAT YOU HAD ABANDONED ME– BUT I KNEW YOU WOULD RETURN!
SO–
THIS IS–
THIS IS THE ISLAND OF DUNG!
THIS IS MY TRIBE'S PLACE OF PUNISHMENT– WHERE MALCONTENTS AND MORONS HAVE BEEN SENT FOR CENTURIES! AND YET YOU CAME TO JOIN ME HERE!
KAUFMANN-TUAN, DO YOU KNOW HOW HAPPY YOU HAVE MADE ME...?

BUT...BUT...
SEE HOW THE DUNG-GATHERERS TEND THE OXEN, SCOOPING UP THEIR ENDLESS BOUNTY! OH, SINCE COMING HERE I HAVE LEARNED SO MUCH!
DUNG, DUNG, DUNG, DUNG...
DUNG, DUNG, DUNG, DUNG...
"SEE HOW THE DUNG IS MADE INTO BRICKS, AND LEFT TO BAKE HARD IN THE SUN!"
DUNG, DUNG, DUNG, DUNG...
DUNG, DUNG, DUNG, DUNG...
"AND SEE HOW THE GUANO IS HARVESTED, TO BE USED AS MORTAR FOR THE BRICKS...!
"WE TOO SHALL GATHER, BAKE AND HARVEST, KAUFMANN-TUAN..."
AND WE SHALL GO TO SLOPTOWN—AND OUR OWN HOVEL BUILD THERE, OF DUNG AND GUANO MADE...
AND TOGETHER WE SHALL RAISE OUR CHILD.

IT IS NOT HOW I IMAGINED OUR FUTURE, MY DARLING.
BUT PERHAPS IT IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS.
KAUFMANN-TUAN AND ME...
AND BABY MAKES THREE.
MARVEL

Tyrant
Lizard
King
EMPIRE